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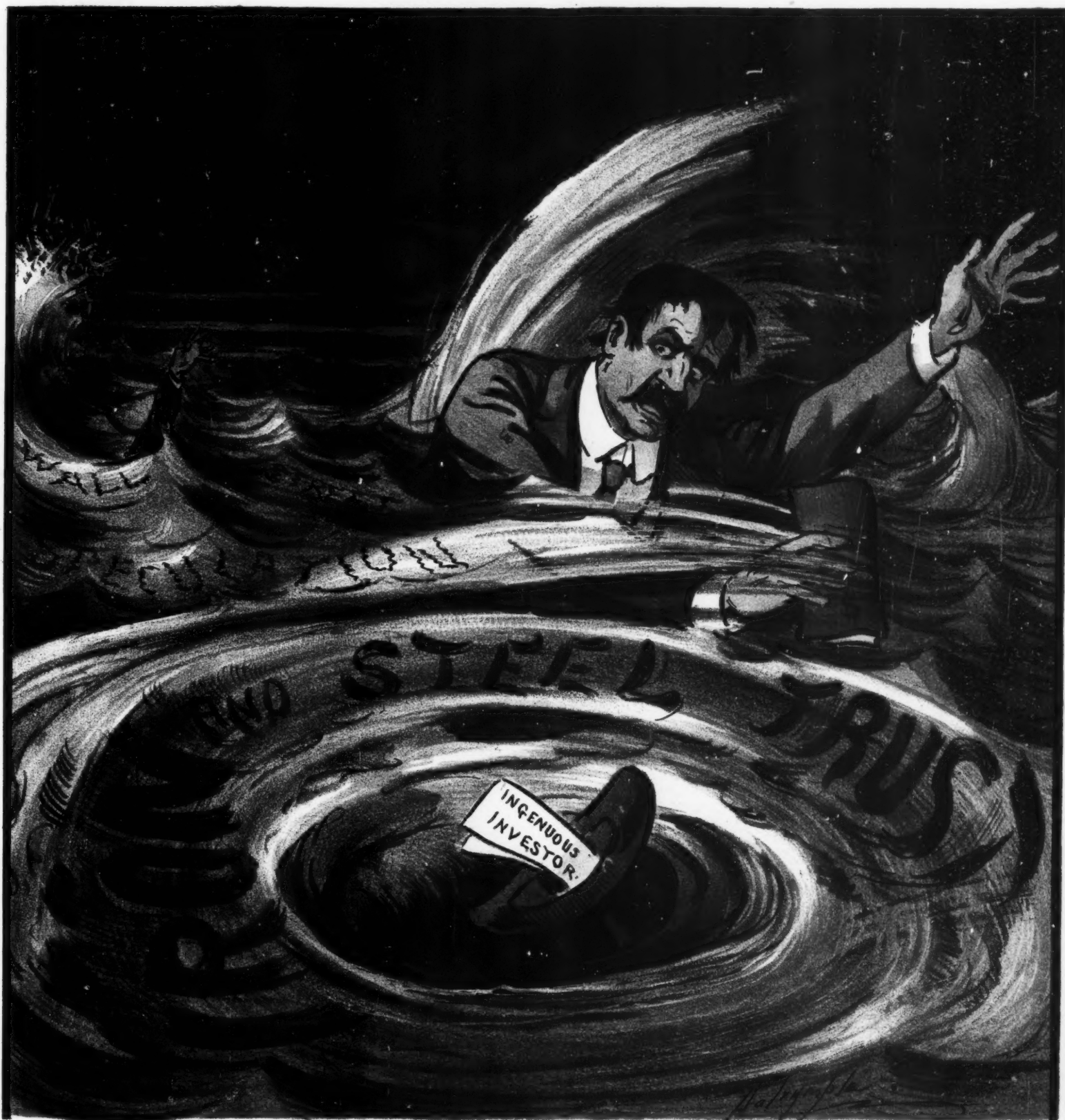
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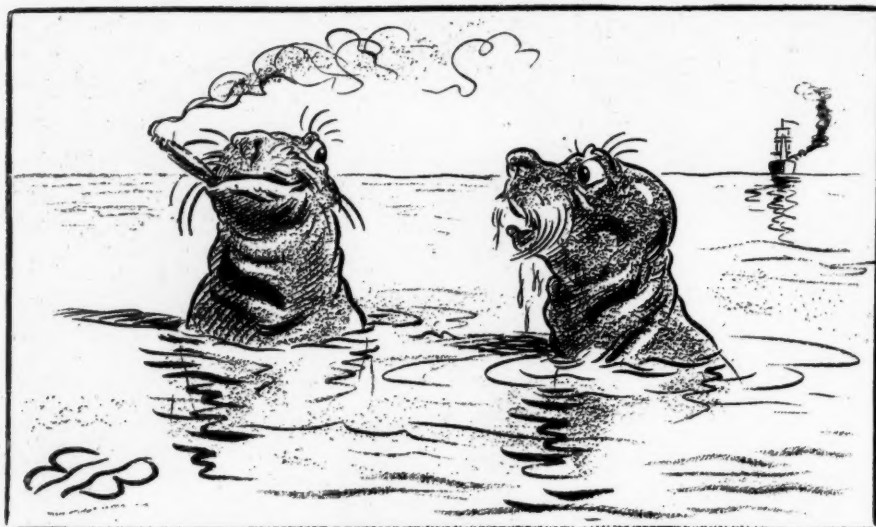
# Puck

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INVESTORS BEWARE!



#### AN ACCOMMODATING HUSBAND.

THE SEAL.—Yes; my wife don't like me to smoke down below, so I come up on the roof!

#### NOT A COON-SONG COON.

I 'se a right smaht niggeh,  
I kin read en I kin figgeh,  
En I does n't nuvver, nuvver play no craps.  
I does n't give a button  
Fo' a cake-walk or a cuttin',  
En dat am what de trouble is, pe'haps.

I does n't spen' meh dollahs  
On no shiny shoes en collahs,  
En meh habits sholy ought to make a hit;  
But de ladies seems to shake me,  
En dey 's not a one 'll take me —  
I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!



#### PUCKOGRAPHS. — XCIX.

A CHINESE DIPLOMAT WHO HAS LEARNED HOW TO TALK ENGLISH — AND DOES IT.

Dey wuz coffee-cullud Jinny  
En Sooky Loo en Minny  
En Freckled Fan en Mandy Ann  
en Sue;  
Dey was Tildy, dey was Dinah  
En Luce en little Lina;  
(I nuvver wanted on'y des a few!)  
Dey was Nance dat married Peter,  
En I 'se moughty glad he beat her;  
En Ulussus wa' n't no better, ca'se  
dey fit;  
But she would n't leave him, no suh,  
Would n't marry me; en so, suh,  
I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!

I has sometimes wunde'd  
Ef dese niggehs has 'em cunjuh'd;  
Ef dey has n't, it am somepin'  
moughty queer!  
Dey is Race-Hoss Bennie,  
He does n't seem so many,  
But he gin'ally gits married ev'y  
year.

Dey was Pete have seven  
En he gwineter come eleven,  
En' Ulussus have a dozen 'fore he  
quit;

Dey all done have so many  
Dat dey has n't luff me any —  
I ain't nuvver is had a gal yit!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

#### PAUCITY.

The yellow journalist complained bitterly of the paucity of genuine editorial talent.

"The average editor," he exclaimed, "is able to get out only about seven extras on one rumor without telling the truth, whereas the people would willingly buy at least a dozen!"

No; it were extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to develop the requisite ability; natural parts were essential.

#### MORE TO HOWL OVER.

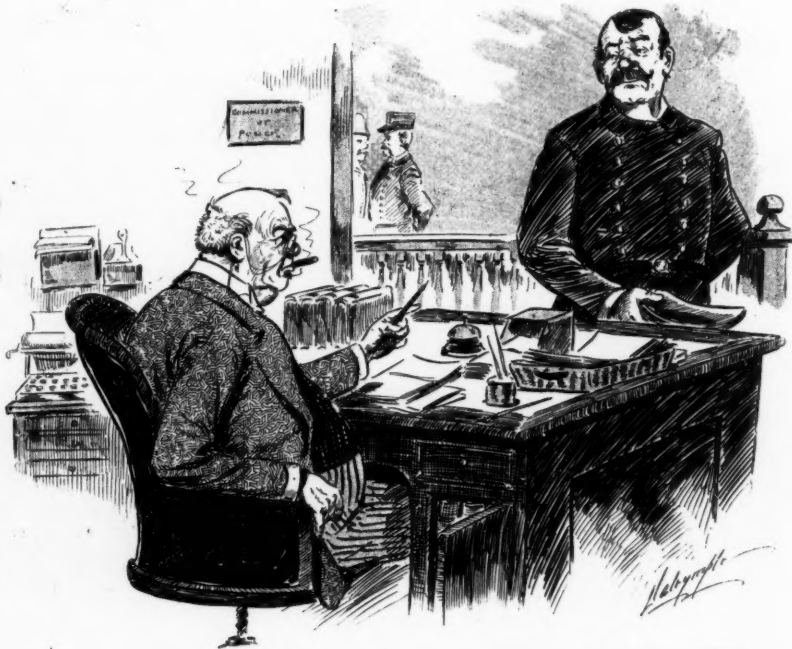
UNCLE SETH.—All Europe may combine some day ter give the United States a dickens of a thrashing. We've allus got the chip on our shoulder, an' I'd like ter know what we'd be doin' after such a scrap as that'd be.

UNCLE SILAS.—Well, I expect our Anti-Expansionists would be howlin' louder 'n ever.

THE MODERN VERSION—Let me Make the Dramatizations for the Stage and I Care not who Makes its Dramas.

SPEAKING of the Chinese problem, the scars made by the jimmies are doubtless enough in themselves to prevent the open door ever being shut again.

THE PROGRESS of the South African war seems to show that a nation may come into the possession of territory by dint of having it wiped up with themselves.



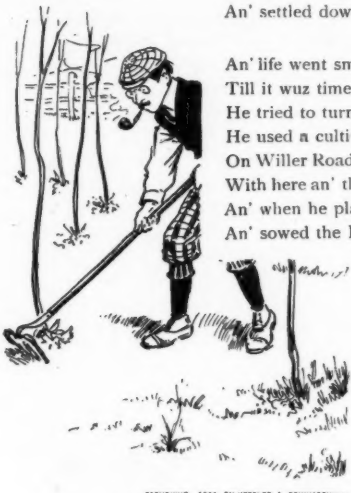
#### A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

ACCUSED OFFICER.—I admit dat I wuz drunk and insulting people; but I wuz off duty and in citizen's clothes, sir!

POLICE COMMISSIONER.—That is just the point, sir! When you are off duty and in citizen's clothes you have no more right getting drunk and insulting people than anybody else, sir!



# ON BROWN'S ABANDONED FARM.



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I.  
YOU 'd orter lived in Gungawamp when Miggles came to town;  
He wuz that city chap who bought the farm of Cephas Brown.  
An' settled out on Willer Road, to farm it, while he read  
From books on how to run a farm with nuthin' but his head.  
He said he liked the country best, the city made him tired,  
An' jest a little country place wuz all that he desired;  
An' so he swapped his city home for Brown's abandoned farm,  
An' settled down to what *he* thought a life of joy and charm.

II.  
An' life went smooth an' well enough till Springtime come around,  
Till it wuz time to plough an' plant an' fertilize the ground.  
He tried to turn some bran'-new soil, an' what you think he done?  
He used a cultivator! An', mebbie, there warn't some fun  
On Willer Road! The ground looked like they 'd be'n a hurricane,  
With here an' there a ragged spot in which he dropped some grain;  
An' when he planted beans he put the bush beans round a pole,  
An' sowed the Limas in a drill — he did, upon my soul!

V.  
Then Miggles tried to hay it some; an', by the winds that blow!  
He let it cure upon the stalk before he tried to mow.  
An' when he 'd gathered in his crop Hank Martin 'lowed that "Mig."  
Wuz 'bleeged to leave some hay outside, his crop panned out so big.  
Waal, things they went from bad to worse; an' when his stock took flight  
Poor Miggles he threw down the hoe, an' then threw up the fight.  
He 's gone back to the town again, that 'bode of sin an' harm;  
An' now a sign reads, "Place for Sale," on Brown's abandoned farm.

Joe Cone.

III.  
He put pertaters in the ground, three hull ones in a hill,  
An' when they once began to sprout they spread an' spread until  
His patch looked like a buckwheat piece, with blossoms full ez thick;  
But Miggles he wuz proud of it, it looked so mighty slick.  
An' when he told us 'bout his corn I thought we 'd hev a fall —  
He dropped an ear in every hill an' planted cobs an' all!  
An' we could see that by-an'-by things would n't be so calm  
Ez what he proffersied they 'd be on Brown's abandoned farm.

IV.  
He bought a half-a-hunderd *hens*, the finest he could buy,  
An' watched them growin' fat an' slick with ever-anxious eye;  
But nary egg lit up his gaze; so, one dark, gloomy day,  
He sold 'em back at half their cost, becuz they did n't lay!  
He bought some steers of Hiram Jones, which Hiram 'lowed wuz broke,  
But sarcumstances shortly proved they 'd never be'n in yoke;  
They were not broke at all, it seemed, but Miggles wuz, it 's true,  
Ez well ez every farmin' tool he tried to hitch 'em to.



## FOODS.

FIRST OSTRICH. — Oh! He 's getting to be a regular crank on the subject of health foods!

SECOND OSTRICH. — You don't tell me?

FIRST OSTRICH. — Yes; he 'll talk you groggy about the nutritive value of predigested brick-bats!

## A HINT TO INVENTORS.

INVENTOR. — What is most needed in modern warfare?

GENERAL. — Portable trenches.

## MAGAZINE MAKING.

"Yes; their magazine proved a failure. Fell flat, in fact."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; they had a scant eighteen million dollars'-worth of advertising in the first issue, little more than enough to pay for the nonsense verses by Ripling, to say nothing of the other features."

## NOT COUNTRY ETIQUETTE.

FARMER GREENE (with *New York paper*). — Gee-whizz! Sary, just look at that list uv weddin's in New York fer only one day.

HIS ELDERLY DAUGHTER. — Huh! No wonder! I read that the brazen girls down there ask the fellers to call first.

## A CHANCE TO GET ACQUAINTED.

PARKE. — Wiggson married a widow, did n't he?"

LANE. — Yes.

F. KF. — I wonder how he likes her former husband?

IT is predicted that the most important dramatic event of the present century will be the permanent withdrawal from the stage of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



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## TOO COMMON.

CLARENCE. — I shall take Dolly Footlytes for better or worse.

FRANKLYN. — Why?

CLARENCE. — She is my very life.

FRANKLYN. — But can't you take your life in some cleverer way than that?



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## AMBITION.

FIRST LION. — Aims to be a leader of fashion, does n't he?

SECOND LION. — Yes; he thinks the jungle will soon be full of tailor-made lions.



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## THE LEG-PULLER.

"I 'VE GOT no time," said the old janitor, acridly, "for the silver-tongued gent that comes along and pulls the legs of the young people by makin' 'em think they have got talent and that the amusement lovin' public has its head out of the window a-clamorin' for 'em to display it!"

"He always has the vollybility of a serpent, the brazen gall of a pirate, and a long forefinger that he loops through your button-hole while he lets you know that his appearance in the last town was a tremendous triumph, and that he was for years with Booth & Barrett or Madam Johnny-shack — I should judge, by the number of actors I 've met, one time and another, that have been with those stars, that each firm of 'em must have traveled in five special trains, and carried two thousand men and horses, with a glitterin' street-parade three miles long, nine kinds of music and seventeen clowns. He also has a trunk of wardrobe back in the last town with several dollars' board-bill on it that you, or me, or somebody, has got to alleviate, so 's he can set to work to make git-away money, or else he 'll stay right here and look to us or the ravens to feed him. If we don't he 'll starve to death in our midst, and we 'll be reprobated by all good people for neglectin' a feller-member of the profession. I 've noticed, by the way, that good people are full of sympathy when it don't cost 'em a cent, and will unanimously reprobate most anybody, except one of their own relatives, for failin' to act unselfishly toward any one that they can by any stretch of imagination whip-saw off onto somebody else.

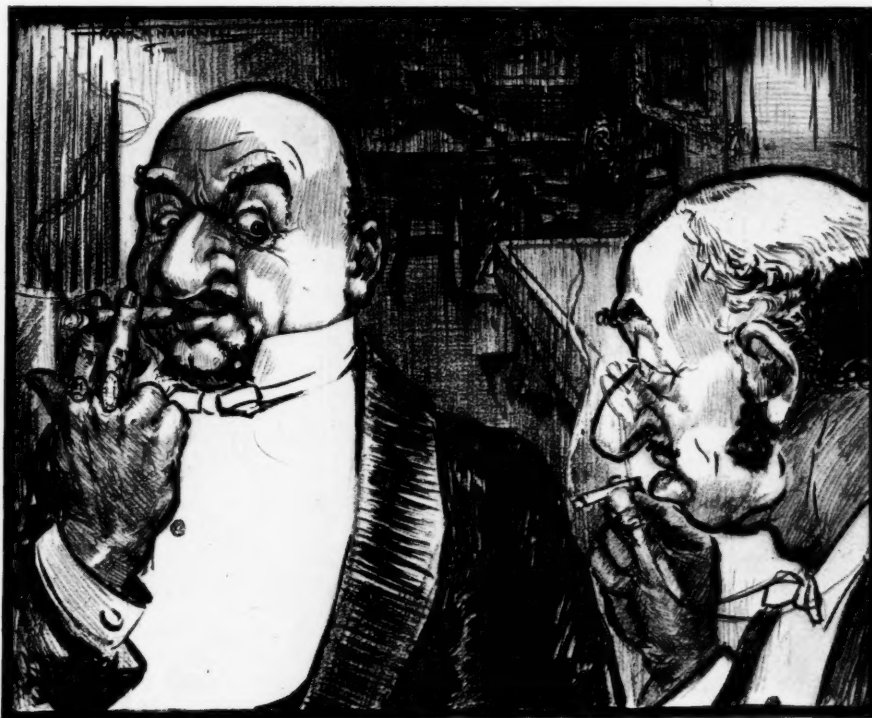
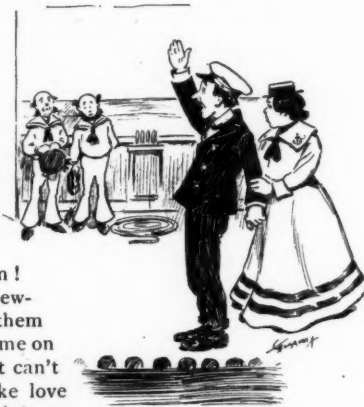


"When there is a busted actor on the tapis all eyes come to an accusin' focus on me and Potter; one of us has got to step forward with oil and wine — allegorrically speakin' — and as Potter won't, bein' as there is something about the undertakin' profession: that would make a man hold onto the east end of a dollar-bill, even if the Angel of Death had hold of the west end, till he pulled it in two — as Potter won't, the one that has to is always me. After the Leg-Puller has got fairly lodged here he picks out his victims, convinces them that they have talent, and eventually separates 'em from what few brains they had in the first place, leavin' 'em in the end with less sense than Nature commonly bestows on young wheelbarrows. After they have listened for a spell to his eloquence the young girls are no longer contented with wipin' the dishes and dustin' off the what-not — home-life, and givin' their mothers a chance to rest now and then, becomes dreadfully monotonous, and they feel they must have a Career, and that there is a Future before 'em, and they are doin' the Public a great wrong if they don't give it the benefit of their Genius. Bime-by the company of the plain but solid young men, that fall over their own feet and feel like their hands were as big as cellar-doors and trimmed with fifty-seven fingers apiece, when they go to a party, but who will after a while be prosperous contractors and builders, well-fixed grain dealers, and paunchy, side-whiskered bank directors,

grows tiresome. So the stuff is off, and the young man consoles himself with the company of a healthy girl whose Paw has moved in from the country so lately that she has n't found out about Knighthood bein' in Flower and would n't know Maud Adams and John Drew from Dr. Mary Walker and the \$3-shoe man if she 'd met 'em in the middle of the turn-pike with their visitin' cards in their hands.

"After baskin' in the Leg-Puller's fetid eloquence for a spell the young dry-goods clerk begins to disdain his little old \$22-per-month job, and it's only a question of time till he is dispensed with in favor of a rough-necked young husky who don't know straight-up about the Drama, but is acquainted with everybody out in the Huckaback neighborhood and can pull in all their trade. And the youthful ninny in the tonsorial parlor, who, in spite of the fact that he has no chin worth mentionin' and plays the mandolin a good deal, might become a trustworthy barber some day, gets so filled with histrionic fire that he prunes off one of more of a steady customer's features, and gets the bounce forthwith. So 't is: every young person that the Leg-Puller gets his hook into is spoiled. They become too talented to work, and never get talented enough to live without work. If I had a son or daughter, and a feller would come along and tell him or her or they, as the case might be, that he or she or them had talent, I 'd stick a hatchet in him!"

"The worst of it all is his durned dew-plissity. All the while he is jollyin' them trustin' young geniuses along he is tellin' me on the side that they are a lot of Jaspers that can't say my-lord-the-carriage-awaits, and make love like they 'd just been vaccinated, and ain't even got a license to do dead bodies or outside shouts intelligently; and I have to co-inside with him b'cuz I want him to get git-away money and me to receive back the advance I made him on his trunk. Well, and the night of the performance the house is pretty well filled with the friends and enemies of the amateurs, and Paw and Maw and Uncle Lyman, who have come to see Essie and Mamie and Gustavus and Elmer, and so on, act; and the fellers that are goin' with the girls that are in the cast, and the girls that like the fellers that are treadin' the mimic boards, and the folks from the Academy that never attend shows that are shows b'cuz they don't enjoy anything that ain't as dry as dog-biscuits, and the editor of the *Plaindealer*, who knows he 'll sell a lot of extry copies if he gives 'em a flattering write-up, and two, three drummers from the hotel. And the poor victims stumble and stutter along through four acts of something they don't half understand, tryin' to carry parts that they can't skurcelly stagger under. They—but, lemme tell you about 'The Belle of the Antilles,' which was the last home-talent performance we had here:



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## WHAT HE WOULD SAVE.

ISAACS.—Vill Cohenstein save anything from dot last fire?

ABRAMS.—Vell, yes. I unterstandt he vill safe apout two years by goot behavior.

"The villain was an arid



# PUCK.

Y. M. C. A. young man who had never done anything more diabolical than to eat four bowls of oyster stew at the church festival for the good of the cause. His coat-sleeves were too short for him, his neck too long for him, and his voice was pale and thin; and when he uttered his most sanguinary threats he added 'uh!' to every prominent word, and screeched like an ant-eater with its tail trod upon. The hero was a worthy but round-backed bookkeeper whose knees predominated sadly and whose shoulders sort of poked his head out in-front of him, and his gestures, while they were strictly moral, looked like he had stolen them from a drunken windmill while it was asleep. When he stood side towards the audience, with his knees protrud-in' as if to permit him to sit down, his head thrust forward from his semi-circular back, and one hand stabbin' upward towards the sky, and announced that no harm could possibly occur to those who were enjoyin' the hospitality of his private yacht while above her deck floated the *Sta-a-a-ars* and *Stur-ripes*, he looked more like a great, big interrogation-point than anything else.

"The chap that impersonated a certain famous and portly officer, beloved by North and South, and was due to confound and everlastingly undue the villain, was a skinny, bashful lad of seventeen, who sneaked in like a lamb goin' to the slaughter, with his uniform coat wrapped three times around him, to exaggerate a trifle, and piped out: '*Scoundrel! I am General Fitzhugh Lee!*' Then his whiskers fetched loose and dropped off, and them two, three drummers howled like hyenies. When the poor, starvin' captives in the Spanish dunjohn lined up in a row and cried to their keeper for food, each feller first placin' his right hand on

his stomach and extendin' his left hand, takin' a step forward, and all screechin' '*Bur-read!*' in unison, and then all three of 'em changed hands in chorus, patted their empty abdooughmens with their left paws, stretched out their right ones, took another step, hollered '*Bread!*' again, and so did four times, them drummers pretty nearly had apoplexy.

"The ladies in the cast; well, — er-h'm! — I ain't got anything to say. They are our own folks, whatever they do, and we are bound to stand up for 'em. Anyhow the play was pretty interestin' to me, b'cuz I was expectin' to get back the trunk money. I had advanced. Also, I did n't! What with the landlord's bill, the Opery House's percentage, the printer's account, and the and-so-forths, there wasn't, so he elo-quently informed me, more than about enough to transpose the Leg-Puller along to the next town. So I just cut another notch in my fool-stick, and set resignedly to work to save up enough money to invest in another theatrical trunk. I always think I won't be caught the next time, but just as regularly as another chance offers, just that certain I get hooked again; and be blamed if I see how I can help it, under the circumstances!

"All this is why I say I've got as little time for the theatrical Leg-Puller as I have for a pizon centepede!"

Tom P. Morgan.



## THE HUMAN TENDENCY.

"Let me read you this article on 'How to Pursue Happiness.'"

"Nonsense! I don't want to pursue happiness; I want happiness to chase me!"

## HAD SEEN SHAKSPERE'S.

VILLAGE TEACHER.—Who knows? When your boy grows up he may write like Shakspeare.

PARENT.—Well, I hope not! I want him to write a good, flowin' business hand.

## ACCOUNTING FOR THE CHANGE.

"Do you know, I don't think he seems so blasé as he used to be?"

"No? Perhaps he got tired of being blasé."



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## THE REAL QUESTION.

SILAS.—By Gum! That oughter be wuth seein'!

SHE.—It might be wuth seein', Silas; but I dunno if it's wuth ten cents.

## SOME COMPENSATION.

"And if any one should be shot?" inquired the young eagle.

"Even then, my child," replied the fond parent, "one has the con-soling expectation that one will be measured from tip to tip and that the -figures will be stretched for publication."

## REVISED.

Maxwelton's braes are bonny  
Where early falls the dew;  
But without some good Scotch whiskey  
The dew would chill you through.  
So take a horn or two —  
No harm to make it three —  
Ere for bonnie Annie Laurie  
You shall lay you down and dee.

## THE ONLY WAY.

"Bores can't bore me."  
"Why not?"  
"I always manage to get the lead away and bore them."

## ART COOKERY.

"What lovely brown biscuits she makes!"  
"Yes; in colorature cooking she is quite unexcelled!"

## NOT ALL DRAMATIC.

"They have dramatized quite a number of the novels."  
"Yes. It's a pity they don't dramatize some of the plays."

## WHEN THE MINISTER STAYS OUT.

HENRIQUES.—I should like to have heard the song and dance the minister gave his wife when we kept him at the club till one o'clock the other night.

OTTINGER.—"Song and dance?" I'll bet he had to give her a whole sacred concert!

## PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.

TEACHER.—Why, if a pint of milk costs five cents, a quart will cost ten, and a gallon forty cents,

LITTLE GIRL.—Oh, no! They always give it to you for less when you take a larger quantity.



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## HER CODE.

HE.—Is it possible that Mr. and Mrs. Bickers are quarreling?  
SHE.—Great mistake! Married people should never quarrel except at home.

FIXING THE BLAME.

The yellow editor became livid as his eye fell upon the article wherein a man's name was mentioned three times, and every time spelled precisely the same way. With a terrible oath he sent for the original copy.

"I propose to see," he roared, "whether it's the reporter or the proof-reader who's making a monkey of us this way!"

THE REGULATORS.

FINNIGAN (*the saloon-keeper*).—Quoite a bit coulder to-day, Jawn?

FLANNIGAN.—Yes;—a man nades about foive dhrinks in him t' make it fale loike yisterday.

A DEFINITION.

MUSICIAN.—I t'ink he's a true moosician—a true artist.

FRIEND.—What do you mean by that?

MUSICIAN.—Vell, a true artist is one vot would love art for its own sake if he could afford it.

COMING!

The days are getting longer now,  
The sun is lower hung;  
Soon song-birds will be telling us  
That gentle Spring's been sprung.

THE ENTERING WEDGE.

CRAWFORD.—Why don't you be obliging, old man, and give your wife her choice?

CRABSHAW.—You don't know that woman. If I yielded that far she would insist on having both!

WOULD SUIT HIM.

ISAACS.—It would be a vunderful t'ing if der reingarnation idea vos true!

COHENSTEIN.—Vell, if it is, it is a pity dot a man can't begin vun life mit der kapital vot he aggululated in anoder.

WHAT IS to be will be, and a great deal of it will be our own fault.



HIS ONLY ATTRACTION.

HE.—It am a pity yo' sistah got married to sech a man.  
SHE.—Wal, I dunno what she ebbah seen in him, 'ceptin' dat he am a purty light mulatter.

THE RHYMES OF POPULAR SONGS.

FIRST OF ALL, the vow to love—or else, to part—"forevermore,"

Introducing tearful memories of "the happy days of yore."

Or, perhaps, 't is sweetly worded, "Oh! I'll be forever true!"

And the rhyme is made by lugging in some "skies forever blue."

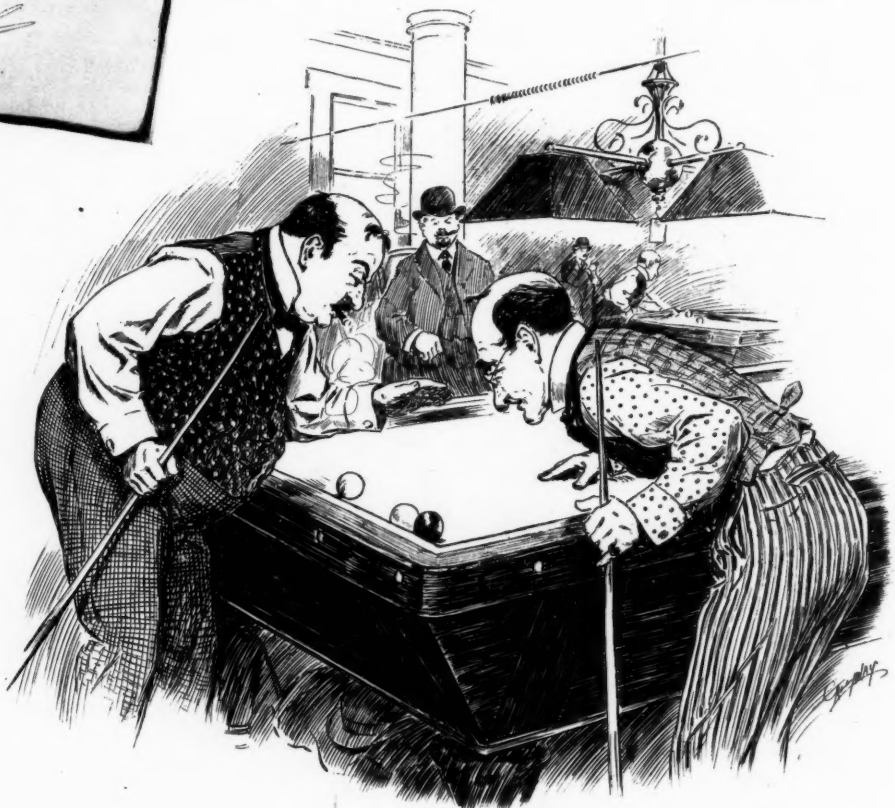
If the lover waxes spooney and, caressing, calls her "dear,"  
Soon (perchance the maid grows sleepy) comes, "Oh! tell me, dost thou hear?"

If you come upon a mournful wailing, "Never! Never! Never!"  
Let your "welling tears" be ready—at the stanza's end they "sever."

If you hear a dark allusion to some "sorely wounded hearts,"  
Then look sharp, lest you be struck by some of "Cupid's fatal darts."

And should some ecstatic stanza culminate in "heavenly bliss,"  
Turn your back and do not listen—for there soon will come a "kiss."

BACTERIOLOGY makes it plain that the Ark carried quite a few stowaways.



DURING THE DISCUSSION.

"Why, they could n't be any closer!"

"Oh! I think they could. There's just room enough for a difference of opinion."





PUCK.

## PUCK.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### THIS CREDULOUS AGE.

THE "AGES" for which geology and other sciences give us names will in time, as a matter of convenience, be lumped under one title, — the "Age of Superstition." We laugh at the superstitions of the so-called Dark Ages, yet lack the wit to see that we have more of them, — and foolisher, considering our advantages. We still cower before the gods, yet cunningly nurse the same primitive notion that there is a way to cheat them. We keep the old excessive fear of the unknown and the same eager conviction that there is some magic "key" to the game — a discoverable short-cut to the Paradise from which effort, failure and pain have been banished. True, no form of life has been found in which striving is not either the penalty or the privilege, as one chooses to regard it. Yet effortless inertia continues to be the ideal of the human race — in the Christian Heaven not less than in the Buddhistic Nirvana. Its members believe implicitly that "the lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin." It will take them a long time to realize what may be learned in the rudiments of Botany: that the lilies of the field both toil and spin twenty-four hours a day. Man is born believing that he can get something for nothing, and the belief costs him dearly. Any one who could devise a supernatural scheme for gaining satisfaction without earning it has always made his converts and had his paying dupes if he happened to want such. Explain the law of the conservation of energy (which means merely that we must work for what we get) and a man is bored. But intimate that you have a secret method for making him rich overnight, or for curing his sickness in a day, or for smuggling him into the happy place hereafter, and he is yours to the extent of his gift for enthusiasm. His superstitions have always run to the ends of productive energy, medicine and religion. He has wanted to be rich without working, to be healthy without living correctly and to go to Heaven without being "good."

The mediæval alchemist sought the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold. The secret is sought just as eagerly to-day. As, witness the people who mine for gold in the waves of the sea, who buy Keeley motor stock, "green-goods" and the brick of virgin gold marked down to \$399, — only one to a customer, usually. And there is the person in Nebraska who believes that stamping almost any old metal will make riches of it; to say nothing of the numerous ones who believe that the Government could enrich every one by printing up the available stock of blank paper into ten-dollar bills. And we do grow richer. But not by miracles and magic; only by intelligent effort along the prosaic lines of hard work.

The healer of any sort excites to-day the same superstitious awe as when ages ago he performed his cures by magic. Paracelsus with his magic triple panacea was a duffer beside our modern pill-mongers. Hardly was miracle ever told of more amazing than one may find photographic evidence of in any newspaper. We swallow the pills and the testimonials as trustingly as our rude forbear did the mixture of his medicine-man — and then die or survive in about the same proportions. Yet we really grow healthier all the time. But not by any of the magic remedies, nor by any medicine whatever: rather by avoiding medicine, by learning the natural laws regarding cleanliness, diet and exercise, and by slowly overcoming our superstitious dread of fresh air.

There is still the same impulse to cling to some lordly ego who can disclose all the mysteries of the after life, whether he creates the impression by trickery or by theological arrogance. Thousands of us believe that our state after this life depends upon our opinion of a certain collection of ancient books, written by many men in many tongues during a period covering many centuries. Thousands believe it is going to go badly with us if we do not form one certain literary estimate of this heterogeneous mass; if we are not as omniscient concerning it as Harry Thurston Peck when he reviews eight new novels in the *Bookman*. Thousands of others have built their superstition on those little deputy-Gods that set up now and then to relieve others of all anxiety about the future. They reverence the smug prophet, whether he conduct an "angel farm" or a materializing seance, or print a book dictated by God. Thou-

sands of people believe that Kings rule by direct appointment of the Creator, or by some process differing from that which identifies its leader to a drove of monkeys. Yet the world grows better. Not through the quack religions — not in fear of the old future Hell nor hope of the old future Heaven, but because experiment has resulted in the curious discovery that it pays on delivery to be "good" right here and now.

The superstitious spirit dwells in us with the spirit of common sense. Superstition first believes; then common sense proves or disproves. Alchemy was the babyhood of modern chemistry, and Christian Science is the alchemy of the future science of healing. The superstition of the preposterous Mrs. Eddy will make way for and stimulate an enlightened system of therapeutics. The medical profession has long known that the action of the mind could whiten the hair "in a single night," that it could induce death almost instantly in a previously healthy person, and that fear and worry generate toxins as infallible as a chemist can manufacture them. Yet it remained for the Christian Scientists to hit upon the very simple truth that the rule must work both ways; and they were so impressed with it that they believe Mrs. Eddy must have had a special revelation from God in order to "lift" it from the writings of old Dr. Quimby. Now the medicine men are being driven in self-defence to study and make use of the tremendous power which the mind has over the body. Needless to say, they will ultimately apply it more effectively than Christian Scientists do. But this will not lessen the debt which the world owes to that peculiar cult.

Thus, while superstition seems to hold us back it really drives us forward. Without the credulity that results in superstition the world would be far less entertaining and not at all progressive. For it has taken this same credulity to inspire all that has been worth while, from the discovery of new worlds to the sewing on of buttons. Without it we should have none of the arts and few of the sciences. And so while it is permissible to be amused by the world-old panorama of credulity, it is well to remember that this is but an aspect of the world's progress.



ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

"How is it that the weather prophets are so often wrong about the weather?"

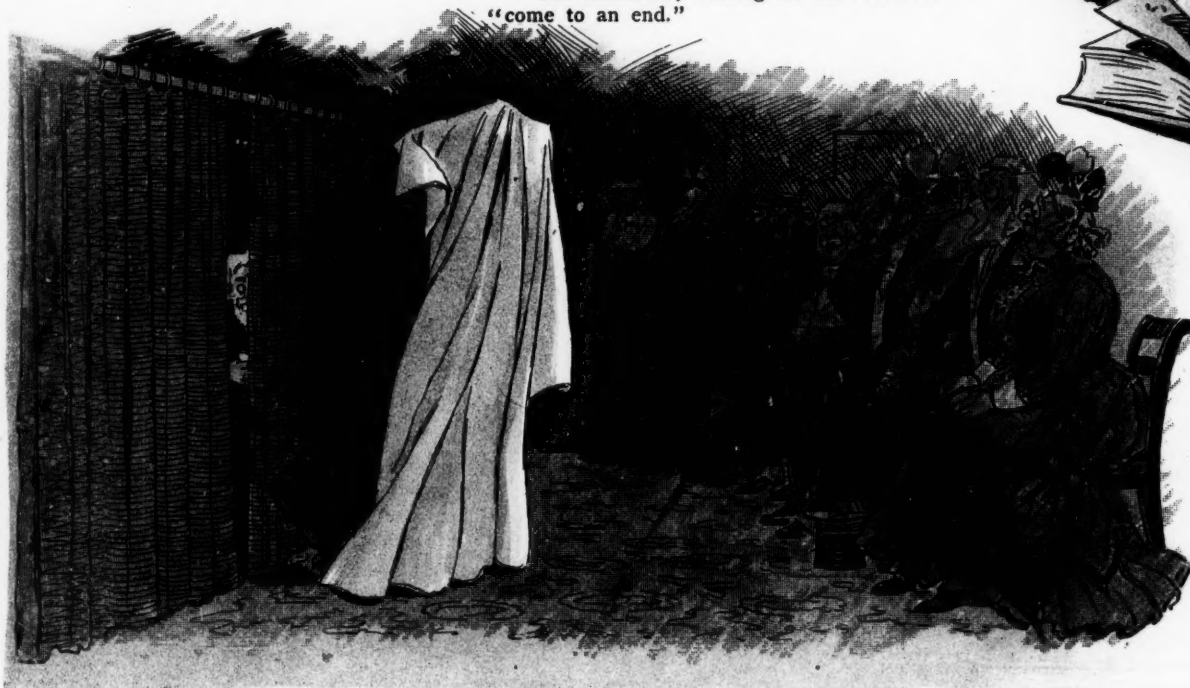
"Well, they can't be always non-committal."



An early fake.



The Millerites, waiting for the world to "come to an end."



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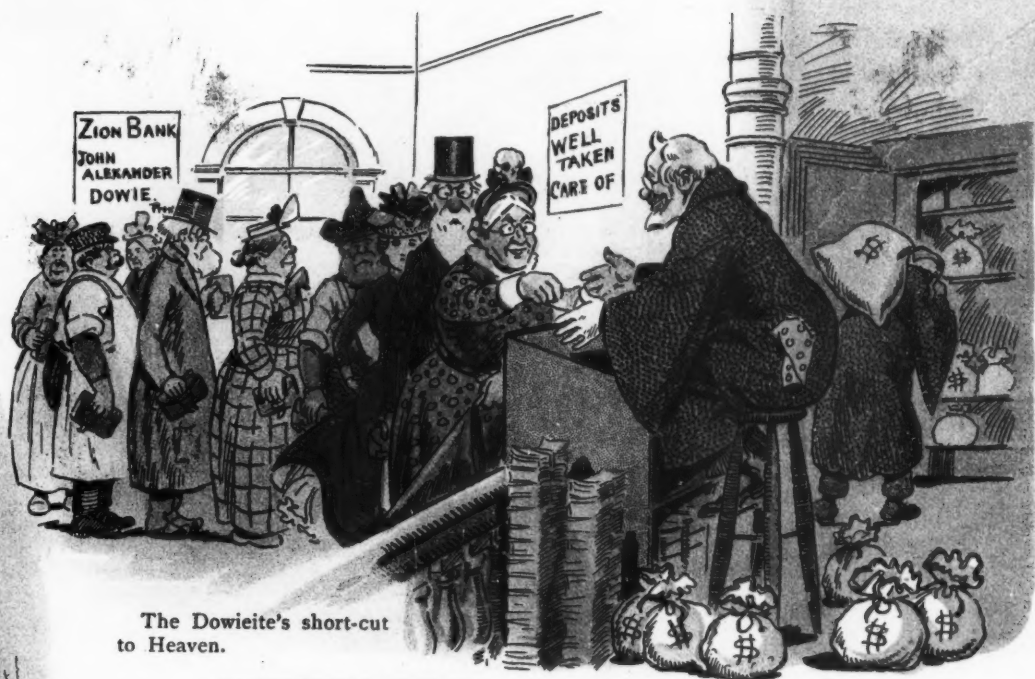
The "Materializing" fraud.



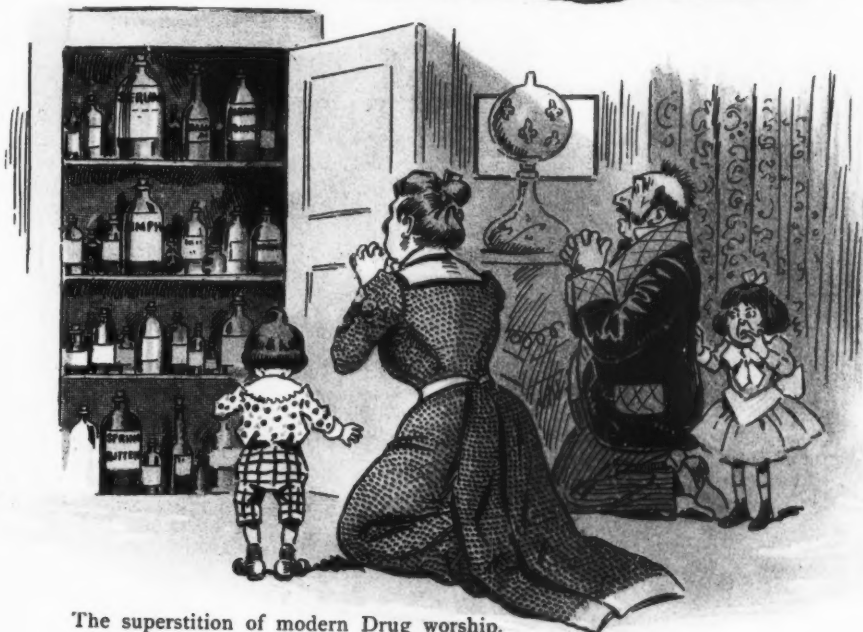
The "Get Rich Quick"

SUPERSTITION HAS ALWAYS R





The Dowieite's short-cut to Heaven.



The superstition of modern Drug worship.



"Get Rich Quick" delusion.



The Profitable "Religion" of Christian Science.

JOTTMANN LITH.CO.PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

ALWAYS RULED THE WORLD.

ONE GIRL.

JUST nine of us went to the dinner  
That Dicky Montgomery gave.  
We called it a wake, for the sinner  
Had dug a hymeneal grave.

We had all the bottles that cheer one's  
Ideas and mood through each course;  
Among them, of course, were some queer  
ones  
That fill the next day with remorse.

We all drank good luck to old Dicky—  
Best wishes and sympathy blended;  
Expressed our regret that the tricky  
Young god had his good times all  
ended.

In silence—respect for the lady—  
We drank deep to Dick's future  
bride.  
Just then the lights seemed to grow  
shady—  
Each man was afraid he had sighed.



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Just nine of us went to the dinner  
When bachelor days Dicky quit—  
And each hypocritical sinner  
Wished he had been paying for it.

Wood Levette Wilson.

HIS WHOLESALE REVENGE.

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a Time, there abode in a certain village a Man who, for reasons not now necessary to explain, hated his fellow-citizens with a great and bitter hatred and mightily yearned to break even with them.

To that End, after much study, he evolved and put into execution the following Diabolical Plan for humiliating them all in a Bunch: He crept to the door of the Town Hall, wherein were assembled all the Men of the Hamlet who had to work late on the Books that night or were just naturally obliged to sit up with a Sick Brother in the Lodge—sad to say, there appeared to be an Awful Epidemic raging among the "J'iners," for, paradoxical as it may seem, nearly every Member of every Secret Order in Town was up that night ministering to another Member of the Order—to witness what was earnestly hoped would be the reprehensible cutting-up of the Female Minstrels who were occupying the Stage on that occasion; this Man, as has been said, crept to the Door of the Hall, and called out:

"O Professor! Your wife is waiting for you downstairs, and declares she will come up after you if you are not down there in Two Minutes!"

Thereupon, two Barbers, a Horse Physician, a Hypnotist, a Fiddler, a Piano Tuner, a Layer-on-of-hands, a Dancing Master, an Elocutionist, the Leader of the village Band, and several others, either sneaked out or fainted, according to their individual tastes and preferences, while the rest of the Audience laughed pitilessly. The Mirth of the latter was short-lived, for the Revengeful Scoundrel at the Door heartlessly added:

"And *your* wife is down there, too, Mr. Smith!"



CAUTIOUS.

THE DEACON.—T' ain't goin' to be no Sunday school show, I reckon.  
BILL POSTER.—Well, you can't tell. I'd hate to throw my money away jest on account of a poster!

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A CHANGE OF HEART.

THE SCRIBE.—A speech in favor of the measure, sayest thou? Me-thought thou didst wish a speech prepared denouncing it as a grab and a job.  
THE SENATOR.—I did; but I have had a talk with Caius Lobbius.

Thereat the rest of the Assemblage arose in one voice, so to express the unanimity of their actions, and melted away like a snow-ball in—er-h'm!—the Other Place. And the Mean Cuss went away glugged and surfeited with the sweets of Vengeance.

MORAL.—From this we should learn that a Guilty Conscience catches the Worm.

THE WAY.

NEW YORK MANAGER.—This play of yours is broad in spots.

PLAYWRIGHT.—How do you want me to fix it?

NEW YORK MANAGER.—Make it broader.

THEIR FATE.

MAMA BIRD.—Did I ever tell you what becomes of bad little birds when they die?

LITTLE BIRD.—Oh, yes! They're used in the millinery business.

BRICK.

GREEN-GOODS MAN.—You're in great spirits, old man; business pretty brisk?

GOLD-BRICK MERCHANT.—Brisk? Why, say! I'll have to hire a hod-carrier if it keeps up!

THEIR VIEW.

MRS. BROWN.—A woman should not domineer over her husband.

MRS. JONES.—Oh, no! Marriage should be a succession of diplomatic triumphs.

A DIPLOMAT.

ISAACS.—Do you believe dot honesty vos der pest policy?

COHENSTEIN.—Vell, nobody vill efer hear me saying dot it ain't.

IT is a great blessing that sympathy is so inexpensive.

TO BE a complete success, diet reform must be made palatable.





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#### WITH APOLOGIES TO SETON-THOMPSON.

MRS. CINNAMON BEAR.—I have not seen Mr. Grizzly Bear out much lately.

MRS. GRIZZLY BEAR.—No; he is busy writing his book, "Wild Hunters I Have Met."



#### RENAISSANCE OF THE DUEL.

IT HAS arrived. Boulevardiers of Manhattan have accepted it. At all the Tenderloin tables d'ôte (prix 25 centimes), the rush is unprecedented. Menus have been revised. It is "Purée Castellan," "Poisson à la Comte," "Poularde de Rodays," "Filet comme Figaro," "Boni sauté," "Jambon de Gould," and "Glacé Dreyfus." Shooting galleries on the Bowery are thriving. It is the foil, the rapier, the pistol; no longer the stuffed gloves of Monsieur Jeffries which are sought. Mr. Pulitzer is said to be practising daily at Senac's, in expectation of a visit from J. Pierpont Morgan. The distinguished editor of the *Police Gazette* is prepared at any hour for a visit from John Lawrence Sullivan, and it is the *on dit* that the recent sojourn of the fifty-cent silver King of Nebraska was not altogether unconnected with criticisms of Editor Einstein of the *Press*. The coming number of *Munsey's* will contain a front-page declaration by its editor, that he has secured the most up-to-date arsenal of any periodical in the Universe.

From Philadelphia it is announced that Mr. Bok will personally give satisfaction to any living creature who resents the comment of any member of the staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The genial editor of the *Clipper* fences daily with Charles Leonard Fletcher, the Shaksperian undertaker, and Editor Coogan of the *Tammany Times* has purchased a house fronting on the Bois (known formerly as Central Park), in order that he may be on hand for engagements with any of the Committee of Fifteen. It will not be necessary for the staff of the *Irish World* to travel to Central Park to settle grievances, as a section of City Hall Park will be railed off by order of Mayor Van Wyck for their use. It will be known as "Erin-Go-Brag-fontein." Mr. Godkin having retired from the *Evening Post* is considered immune, to the regret of many members of Tammany.

There is some doubt as to whether the code will apply to the popular editress of the *Daily News*, but the new departure has no terrors for the editorial staff of the *Staats Zeitung*, who have all made records at Bonn, Heidelberg, or Leipsic. The same statement applies to the *Courrier des Etas-Unis* and the Italian journalists of the city. But the editors of *Bradstreets*, *McClure's*, *Boots & Shoes*, the *National Provisioner*, *Dry Goods Economist*, *Wine & Spirit Gazette*, and the *Iron Age*, are said to be ready for engagements.

Sir Brooklyn Eagle is certain to assume a fearless attitude toward any challenges, and a batch of artists, special writers and kinesiograph operators under the command of James Creelman, are on duty day and night in the *Journal* building, to attend any calls from people who appeal to the code. It is not yet known what action Harpers will take until the return of Colonel George Brinton McClellan Harvey, who is in Europe, and who possesses much of the military spirit himself. Journalists appear to have no fears of the return of Richard Wantage Croker as a factor in the revival of the code d'honneur.

Joseph D. Byrne.

#### PARTIAL IMITATION.

"If all our millionaires would imitate Carnegie —"  
"Well, they're doing so to a certain extent; — they're trying to get as rich as Carnegie."

#### LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

THE FIANCÉ.—Yo' see, I wanted ter gib her a pleasant surprise. So I done bought two hundred an' fohty-fo' ob dem *Evenin' Howler* papers an' sent in two hundred an' fohty-fo' votes fo' her in dat prize contes' fo' de mos' pop'ler cullud woman in America. Den I show her de paper wif her name an sayin' how she got all dem votes.

FRIEND.—She done objec' to dat?

THE FIANCÉ.—She done figgah dat she am out two dollar an' fohty-fo' cents in ice-cream an' candy an' sech, an' say she nebbah seed sech a born fool as me.

#### IN CHINA.

FIRST CORRESPONDENT.—I'm tired of sending word that the situation is critical.

SECOND CORRESPONDENT.—So am I. I have just cabled that the situation is not un-critical.

#### HIS EXPECTATION.

"Surely," said the first Chinaman, "the other Powers will not stand by and see Russia rob us of Manchuria!"

"No such luck," said the second Chinaman, sadly. "They'll take what we have left."

#### AS TO THE DRAMATIZED NOVEL.

"I'm going to see the play because I've read the book."

"Yes? I'm going because I have n't."

IT is probable that Mrs. Nation, like the British War Office, has underrated the enemy.

THE END of the war may be in sight, but De Wet, though apparently an observant person, does n't seem to have seen it.

EUROPE'S chief protection against the anarchists is, after all, we presume, the tall glass of fairly good beer to be had for three cents in this country.



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#### TRIUMPH.

ALGV.—Congwatulate me! The ambition of me life is wealized!  
MAMIE.—Is it possible?  
ALGV.—Yes; I'm to lead a cotillon!



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THE CANNY SCOT OF TRADITION—AND—THE SCOTCHMAN WE KNOW.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE  
LIST OF THE HIGHEST  
GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom  
5th Ave., cor. 33d St. in Greater New  
York.

## Thousands of People

won't wear wool and cannot wear wool next to the skin because it irritates them. Their number is legion who would not wear wool if they knew what harm wool is doing them.

Dr. Deimel's Linen-Mesh Underwear has become famous the world over for its healthfulness and comfort in all sorts of weather, and all seasons of the year.



All genuine Dr. Deimel undergarments bear this Trade-mark. If you cannot obtain them, write to us.

Booklet and samples of the cloth free.

The Deimel Linen-Mesh System Co.  
491 Broadway, New York.

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WASHINGTON: 728 Fifteenth St. N.W.  
MONTREAL, CAN.: 2202 St. Catherine St.  
LONDON, E. C.: 10-12 Broad St.

## LIKE THE HALL MARK ON SILVER

is this mark on Ale  
or Porter or Stout.



IT IS A  
WARRANT  
OF HIGHEST  
QUALITY.

### BALLANTINE BREW

India Pale Ale,  
XXX Canada Malt Ale,  
Old Burton Ale,  
Porter, Brown Stout, Half and Half.  
On Draught or in Bottles.  
P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.  
134 Cedar St., cor. Washington, New York.

#### GRIP.

Cold that makes you rear and rip;  
Quinine with a fiery nip;  
Boiling drinks to sip and sip;  
Lemonade and high-spiced flip,  
Back that aches from neck to hip;  
Swollen nose and puffy lip;  
Head that seems to go ca-zipp!  
Pulse that shows a lively clip;  
Strength that swift away doth slip;  
Feet that stumble, stub and trip,  
Knees that toward each other dip;  
Gait that rolls as if on ship;  
Tongue that's furry to the tip;  
Still more quinine, 'nother nip —

It's the grip!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"ARE the Goldbanks up in society?"

"I should say so! Why, they have received no less than a half-dozen letters threatening to kidnap their son if they did not give up five thousand dollars."

—Norristown Herald.

Brain-workers and nervous people know the beneficial effects derived from the use of the genuine Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters.

Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore Md.



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LOGICAL.

MOTHER.—You should n't cry just because he gets in late occasionally All men do that.

MRS. NEWLYWED (*sobbing*).—B-But that is no excuse for Harold, Mama. H-He is not like other men!

WHEN a woman goes for the proof of a picture she has had taken, it is with the hope that she will turn out better-looking than she has always been thought to be.—*Atchison Globe*.

## "NORTH COAST LIMITED"

RESUMES SERVICE

MAY 5TH.



SEND SIX CENTS  
FOR WONDERLAND 1901  
TO CHAS. S. FEE, GEN. PASS. AGENT, ST. PAUL, MINN

ST. PAUL ON THE N.P.R. IS BUILDING A \$3,000,000 CAPITOL.



## Success

Immense popularity explains  
itself thus:

10 year Old

# Hunter Whiskey

Always delights and never  
disappoints.

It never lowers its high standard  
of quality.

It never varies its perfect purity  
and mellow flavor.

It satisfies everybody else.  
Now, satisfy yourself.

Sold at all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.



Rae's  
Lucca  
Olive  
Oil...

Combines  
Perfection  
of Quality  
with  
Absolute  
Purity

S. RAE & CO.,  
Leghorn, Italy.  
Established 1836.

Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—New York Central.



# A MEAN SLAP.

MAY.—I met Mr. Brown to-day, and told him of your wedding last month. He was an old flame, I believe?

MAUDE.—Yes. Did he seem to mind it much?

MAY.—Well, he seemed very much surprised.

MAUDE.—Did he ask how it came off, and all that?

MAY.—No; he merely asked how it happened. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

If some people gave as much attention to what they say as they do to how they look, they would be more popular. — *Indianapolis News.*

## VARTRAY Ginger Ale



Highest Grade, Purest Beverage in the World, as Evidenced by being awarded the

### Gold Medal

At the PARIS EXPOSITION of 1900 in Competition against the World, the highest and only award.

Better than Imported:

**AN AMERICAN  
PRODUCT**

On Sale at Clubs, Hotels, Cafes and by Leading Purveyors.

Made by  
**THE VARTRAY WATER CO.,**  
Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

## CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
212 State St., Chicago.

A delicate rosy cheek and a soft, beautiful complexion are cherished by all ladies. You can have both by using the Purest.

**Pozzoni's**  
MEDICATED  
COMPLEXION POWDER

Absolutely harmless. Sample and Booklet of 36 actresses free.

**J. A. POZZONICO**  
NEW YORK  
ST. LOUIS

## OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.** Dept. L. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

AROMATIC DELICACY,  
MILDNESS AND PURITY.

**Milo**  
CIGARETTES.

**A BLEND OF THE FINEST EGYPTIAN TOBACCO.**  
SURBRUG 204 Broadway, N.Y. Agent.

### EASY.

"You still owe five thousand dollars on your new golf club-house, don't you?"

"Yes; but we expect to pay it off soon. We have just elected two new members." — *Harper's Bazar.*

A NEW YORK man has started a school for playwrights. What they really need is a detention hospital. — *Washington Post.*



### TRUE AS PREACHING.

OFFICER KEEGAN.—Norah, Oi want ye fer a wife!  
NORAH.—Och, thin! If ye was afther "wanting" me fer anny-thing ilse ye wud n't be afther takking me in so aisy!

"A dozen on the shell," some celery and a pint of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* is a lunch for the gods.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters is a tower of strength. Fly to it in time of weakness. Strengthens and invigorates the whole body. Get it at druggists.

"T AIN' de loss o' money dat hurts when you pays a 'lection bet," said Uncle Eben. "It 's havin' de yuthuh feller believe he was so much smahtah dan you, an' perducin' de documents to prove it." — *Washington Star.*

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
— *Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

## MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

**Williams' Shaving Soap**

FAMOUS FOR ITS LATHER  
The Only Kind that  
Won't Dry on the Face

Sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.  
Williams' Shaving Stick 25c.  
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.  
Luxury Shaving Tablet 25c.  
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream 50c.  
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers') 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb. 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for two-cent stamp.  
**THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.**  
Glastonbury, Conn.

**Horsemen**  
are the ONLY roadsters who have never enjoyed knowing the distance traveled. Here's the chance. The

**Veeder**  
ODOMETER

(The first reliable Odometer). Doubles the rest of driving. Cyclists and automobilists will use it if you do—they use "Veeders." Reads from the seat in plain figures. Adjustable attaching fixtures to fit all vehicles. Our book, giving wheel sizes and full information, free. In ordering state circumference or diameter of wheel. 16 Sargeant St. **VEEDER MFG. CO., Hartford Conn.** Makers of Odometers, Cyclometers, Counting Machines & Fine Castings.

**Chester** **SUSPENDERS**  
ARE WORN BY  
**CAREFUL DRESSERS**

They stretch only when you do, and do not lose their stretch as others do. They're handsome, durable, sensible, and as comfortable and effective after long wear as when new. The Chester at 50 cents is the best at any price, though we have cheaper models for a quarter. All are GUARANTEED.

**CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. Branch Factory, Brockville, Ont.**



"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Your doctors may boast of their lotions,  
And ladies may talk of their tea;  
But I envy them none of their potions—  
A glass of good Trimble for me."

A pure rye,  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,  
Phila. & New York.  
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

**FISCHER**  
PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.  
Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

KEISER  
BARATHEA

Study A Well  
Groomed  
Man's Attire

and you can almost invariably get  
a line on the good taste and ele-  
gance of his outfit by his cravats  
Keiser - Baratheas Scarves and  
Ties are the best made.

Your Haberdasher will explain why—  
Note label.

The busy man impairs his health.  
While he's engrossed in making wealth;  
Neglects disease in early stage,  
And stores up trouble for old age.  
Both health and wealth might be his share,  
And his last years be free from care,  
If Ripans Tabules he would take,  
At first approach of pain or ache.  
R.I.P.A.N.S. were made for busy men,  
Five cents for carton holding ten.

**ILLUSTRATING**  
TAUGHT BY  
CORRESPONDENCE

Also Newspaper Sketching, Designing, etc. Best Methods. Pre-  
pares quickly for paying work. Personal instruction. Adapted  
to all. Students enthusiastic. Easy terms. Write for particu-  
lars. Largest and most practical. Incorporated. NATIONAL  
SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING, 10 N. Penn St., Indianapolis, U.S.A.

IF IT ONLY WERE.

"After all, my friend," said the  
moralist, "life is but a dream."  
"Not much it ain't!" snorted the  
hard-headed man. "In nearly every  
dream I ever had I was gettin' more  
money than I knew what to do with."  
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

If you want to make a liar mad, ask  
him to do some lying for you. — *Atchi-  
son Globe.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,  
32, 34 and 36 Blocker Street,  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of paper made to order.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-  
able polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on  
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug  
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW.

WILLY (crying).—Mama—boo-hoo!—Joe hit me with a great big brick.  
Boo-hoo!

MAMA.—And what did you do to him, dear?

WILLY.—I hit him gently with that same little brick he threw at me.—  
*Harper's Bazar.*



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EXCESSIVE SELF-CONFIDENCE.

FIRST CENTAUR.—Hoofs is about the most egotistical centaur I know.  
SECOND CENTAUR.—That's right. Why, every time we have a horse  
race, he gives everybody the tip that he's a dead-sure thing.

**STEIN-BLOCH**  
*Wholesale Tailored*  
**Suits and Top Coats**

Bear  
THIS LABEL

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.  
ROCHESTER,  
N.Y.

Write for Brochure  
No. 7  
"What Men of Fashion  
Will Wear  
SPRING AND SUMMER  
1901"

"I'M glad to hear," wrote the old man to the youth at college, "that you  
favor the sun-bath as a means of health. When you come home vacation time  
I'll give you fifteen acres of it, behind a spry mule, with not a tree to cast a  
shadow on you!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

**The NATIONAL**  
**EXCELLENCE**

RUNABOUT—Style A.  
\$750.00.

The lightest practical Electric Vehicle on  
the market.  
It embodies every good device found in  
modern Auto conveyances.

Send ten cents in stamps, for the  
handsomest and most complete  
"Auto Book" ever published on the  
subject of Automobiles.

Illustrated pamphlet mailed free to any address

**The National Automobile & Electric Co.**  
1010 EAST 22nd STREET  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Throat Ease  
and Breath  
Perfume.

**SEN-SEN**

TRADE MARK

5¢

WHEN a Jim Crow town can think of  
no other name for an opera house it  
calls it "The Grand." — *Washington  
Democrat.*

**Arnold**  
**Constable & Co.**  
Cotton Fabrics  
For Spring and Summer Wear.  
Mercerized Ducks, Silk and Linen Shirtings,  
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# Columbia

## BICYCLES

"The bicycle offers delightful recreation and a quick and sure means of travel."

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Gleams and Glistens in the Glass and Glads the Soul of Mortal

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A Stimulant from which there's no reaction

The nearest dealer has it. If you can't find one, write to Evans' Brewery, Hudson, N. Y.



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WOULD LEARN BY DEGREES.

THE BOYS.—Ste—a—dy now!

UNCLE BEN.—Wait a minute!—I guess I better learn to ride in one' o' them automobiles first!

WHEN we see a man with a long beard, it always occurs to us how much worse it must look when he has his night-clothes on.—*Atchison Globe.*

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### Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these **KEELEY INSTITUTES**. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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## Bicycles

afford pleasure in exercise and facility in travel. There are two 1901 models, one provided with the original

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Chainless mechanism, the other chain driven.

**\$75 and \$50**

Each typifies the highest class of construction, either is a splendid aid to a right appreciation of life out of doors.

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**RAMBLER**  
 1901 Models Prove It.

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 Chain Models, \$35 to \$50

Catalog free of dealers everywhere.

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CHEW

# Beeman's

The Original  
**Pepsin Gum**



Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
 All Others Are Imitations.



I.  
"So, boys, you would like to know the history of that beautiful, solid silver trumpet? Well, here goes: It was in the good old days. I was foreman of the Old Shiffler Hose. One night we got the alarm, and off our boys went; I in the lead."



IV.  
"In those days we had n't a ladder that could reach one-fourth the distance up to that poor woman. Women fainted and strong men turned away their faces. But I called to the woman not to jump."



II.  
"We reached the fire in a jiffy; and I tell you it was a bad one. It was a seven-story building, — which was high in those days, — and it was burning from cellar to garret. We soon got our hose on it."



III.  
"When all of a sudden a cry of horror went up from the crowd. From out the smoke and flame at a seventh-floor window a woman with a child in her arms appeared, screaming for help."



V.  
"Then I ordered the pumps to be let down to the lowest pressure; until the water merely came out of the hose."



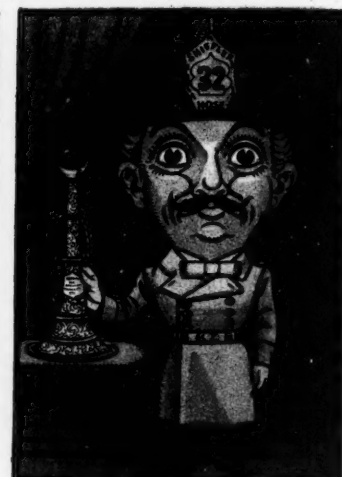
VI.  
"You have seen the ball they sometimes use on the jet of a fountain? Well, I made myself a human ball on that stream from the hose. Telling the boys to gradually increase the pressure on the pumps, I was soon on my way up."



VII.  
"We had a strong pressure of water on that night; and slowly, but surely, I was raised to that seventh floor window."



VIII.  
"It did n't take me long to gather the pair in my arms. Then, giving orders to gradually slacken the pressure of the pumps, we descended safely from the death-trap."



IX.  
"And for this brave feat I was presented by the city with this trumpet. Here is my picture standing alongside of it; me in full uniform."